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MAR. 1954

NO. 18



JOURNEY

into



10¢

FEAR



*Here's To Horror!
Carnival of Death
Doomed to Live Forever
The Devil's Store*

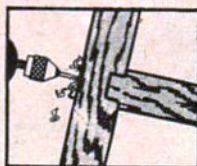
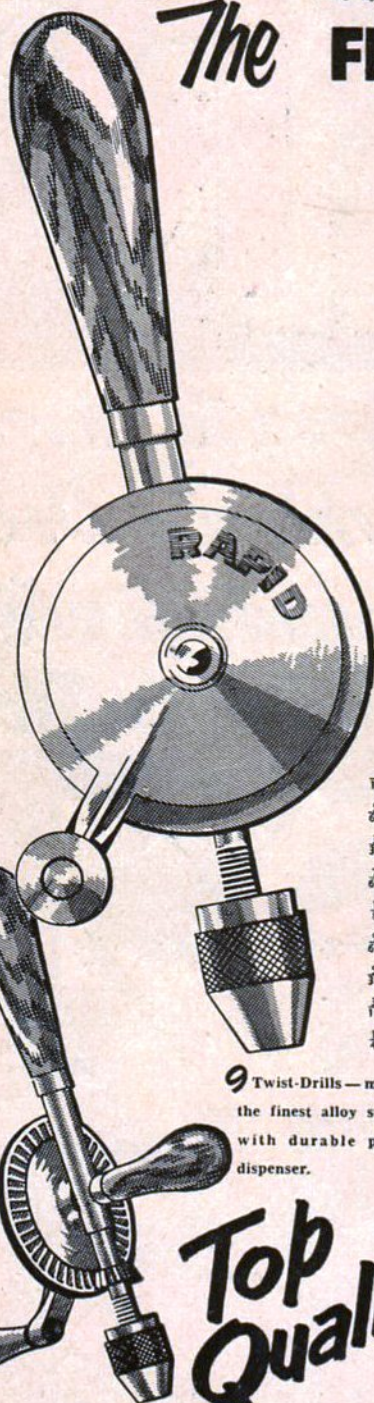




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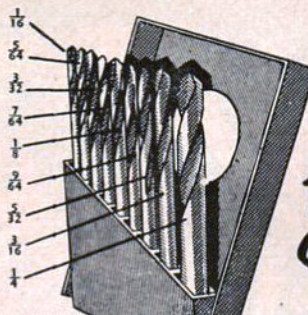
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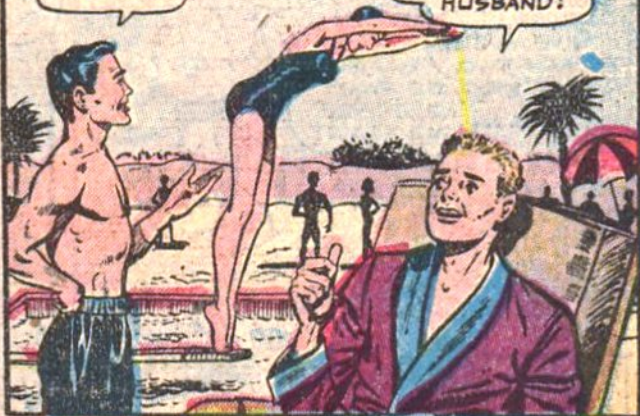


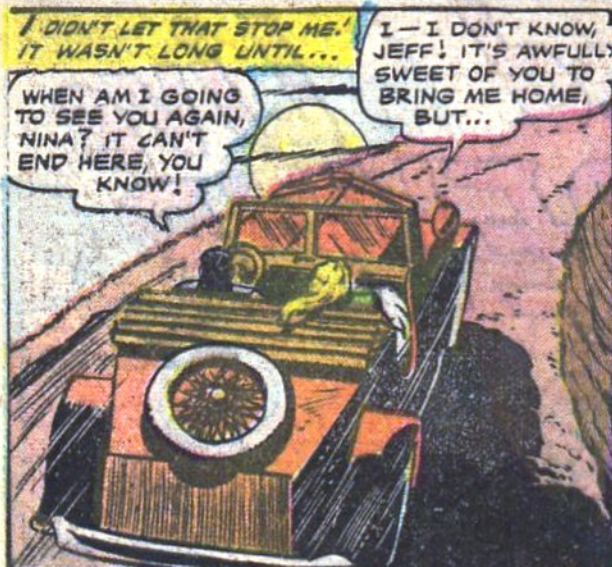
MY NAME IS JEFF BOOTH! I'M GOING TO TELL YOU ABOUT A TERRIBLE THING THAT HAPPENED TO ME! AT LEAST I'LL TRY TO TELL YOU—BECAUSE IT WAS HORRIBLE BEYOND WORDS! IT BEGAN THE DAY I MET NINA HARRIS...

MY HAIR WAS BLACK THEN! I WAS AT A SWIMMING PARTY...

MMMMM—WHO IS THAT? SHE'S LOVELY!

YES, A KNOCKOUT! IT'S NINA HARRIS! NEW AROUND HERE! AND WITH AN INVALID HUSBAND!





I DIDN'T LET THAT STOP ME! IT WASN'T LONG UNTIL...

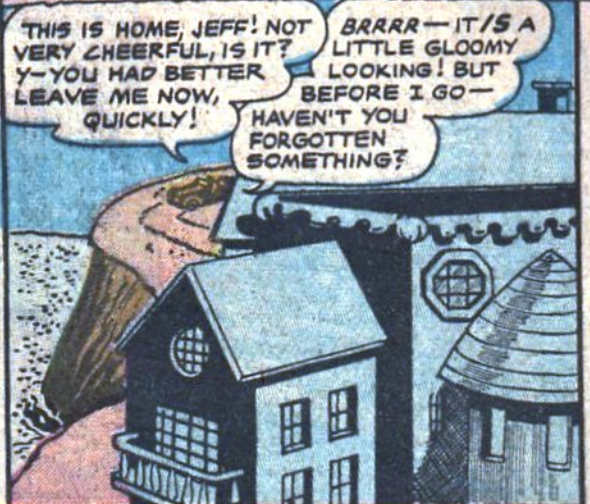
WHEN AM I GOING TO SEE YOU AGAIN, NINA? IT CAN'T END HERE, YOU KNOW!

I—I DON'T KNOW, JEFF! IT'S AWFULLY SWEET OF YOU TO BRING ME HOME, BUT...



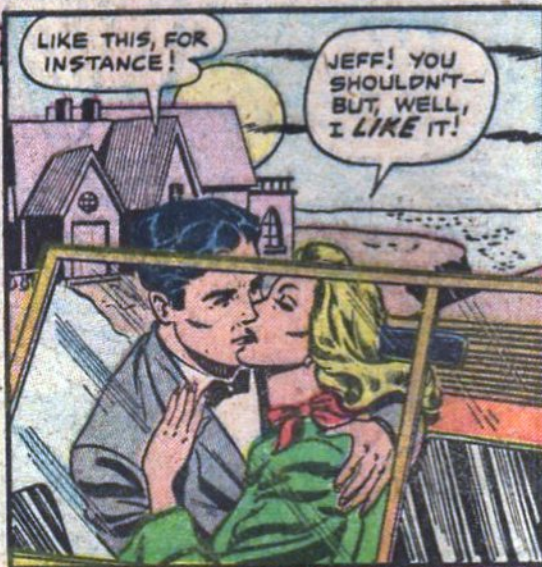
... I HAVE AN INVALID HUSBAND, YOU KNOW! GORDON! HE'S TERRIBLY ILL AND— VERY JEALOUS! I REALLY SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT HIM TODAY!

I WAS DETERMINED! STILL, THE FIRST SIGHT OF HER HOME, SEA CLIFF, GAVE ME AN ODD CHILL...



THIS IS HOME, JEFF! NOT VERY CHEERFUL, IS IT? Y—YOU HAD BETTER LEAVE ME NOW, QUICKLY!

BRRRR—IT'S A LITTLE GLOOMY LOOKING! BUT BEFORE I GO— HAVEN'T YOU FORGOTTEN SOMETHING?



LIKE THIS, FOR INSTANCE!

JEFF! YOU SHOULDN'T— BUT, WELL, I LIKE IT!

I WAS HOOKED! NINA WAS OFTEN STRANGE AND MOODY, BUT I SAW HER EVERY CHANCE I GOT...



WHAT IS IT TONIGHT, DARLING? YOU'VE HARDLY SPOKEN TWO WORDS!

IT'S JUST THAT— OH, I CAN'T TELL YOU! I LOVE YOU, JEFF! SO MUCH! THAT'S WHY YOU MUST GO AWAY— NEVER SEE ME AGAIN!

THERE WAS A CERTAIN FRANTIC DESPERATION ABOUT HER TEARS THAT NIGHT...



THIS CAN'T GO ON, NINA! YOU MUST TELL ME! IS IT YOUR HUSBAND? SURELY...

NO! NOT THAT! NOT ALTOGETHER! I CAN'T TELL YOU, DON'T YOU SEE? I CAN'T! I CAN'T! YOU MUST NEVER SEE ME AGAIN— EVER!

TO MY HURT AND AMAZEMENT, I FOUND THAT SHE MEANT IT! DAYS PASSED AND I DID NOT SEE HER! THEN ONE NIGHT...

IT WAS GOING TO TAKE MORE THAN A HURRICANE...

I WILL SEE HER TONIGHT! I MUST! SHE REFUSES TO TALK TO ME ON THE PHONE, MY LETTERS GO UNANSWERED, BUT TONIGHT...

ATTENTION, PLEASE! HURRICANE WARNINGS ARE OUT IN THIS VICINITY! SMALL CRAFT PLEASE NOTICE! A HURRICANE...

SOMETHING IS WRONG, I KNOW IT! I'M SURE NINA LOVES ME! IF THAT HUSBAND OF MINE HAS HURT HER IN ANY WAY!



I'LL TAKE HIM APART, INVALID OR NOT! ABOUT TIME WE BROUGHT THIS OUT INTO THE OPEN ANYWAY! BLAST IT—WHY DOESN'T SOMEONE ANSWER?

I HEARD THE DOOR SQUEAK! AT FIRST I HARDLY RECOGNIZED THE WOMAN WHO ANSWERED...

I WANT TO SPEAK—NINA! IT IS YOU! BUT WHAT IN THE WORLD...

JEFF! I TOLD YOU—OH, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME! PLEASE LEAVE AT ONCE!



I'M NOT LEAVING UNTIL I FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT! WHAT IS IT? Y-YOU LOOK AWFUL!

OLD? DO I, JEFF? DO I REALLY LOOK SO—OLD?

SUDDENLY SHE WAS IN MY ARMS, WEEPING BITTERLY...

OH, DARLING! I CAN'T STAND IT! TAKE ME AWAY! NOW! TONIGHT! THIS INSTANT!

OF COURSE, NINA! GET YOUR COAT!

SHE WAS FRANTIC NOW! FOR THE FIRST TIME I BEGAN TO FEEL—AFRAID...

NO! WE CAN'T WAIT! THERE'S NO TIME! NOW—NOW BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

ALL RIGHT, DARLING! IF YOU SAY SO! MY CAR IS IN THE DRIVE!



JOURNEY INTO FEAR



I'LL NEVER FORGET HOW SHE SCREAMED...

GREAT HEAVENS, NINA, WHAT IS IT?

EEEEEEEE—IT'S TOO LATE! IT—IT'S HAPPENING!



THEN I SAW! SHE WAS GETTING OLD BEFORE MY EYES...

NINA! WHAT—

AAAAA— D—DON'T LOOK AT ME! GO AWAY!



DO YOU LOVE ME NOW, JEFF? DO YOU? THIS WRINKLED SKIN, THIS DEATH'S HEAD FOR A FACE! DO YOU LOVE ME? HAH-HAH-HAH!

GOOD HEAVENS!



I SHRANK AWAY FROM HER, MY HEAD REELING...

N—NO! WHO ARE YOU? WHAT SORT OF DEVIL'S WORK IS THIS? WHERE IS NINA?

HEE-HEE-HEE! YOU POOR FOOL! I TRIED TO WARN YOU! CAN'T YOU SEE? I'M NINA!



SHE TOUCHED ME WITH A SHRIVELED CLAW! IT WAS ICY COLD...

HEE-HEE-HEE! I KNEW IT WOULDN'T WORK! I'M OLD, JEFF! YOU WERE RIGHT! I'M SO TERRIBLY OLD!

THIS CAN'T BE REAL! I'M D—DREAMING!

DO YOU KNOW HOW OLD, JEFF? NO, OF COURSE YOU DON'T! HOW COULD YOU? LISTEN— I WAS BORN IN 1850! TEN YEARS BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR! HEE-HEE-HEE— I'M 103 YEARS OLD!





WHILE HER TERRIBLE WORDS WERE STILL RINGING IN MY EARS, SHE FELL...

I - UH -
AHHHHHHHHH -

NINA!



SHE WAS DEAD! A HORRIBLE, WITHERED TRAVESTY OF THE GIRL I HAD LOVED...

I - I DON'T UNDERSTAND! HOW COULD SUCH A THING HAPPEN? SHE - SHE SAID SHE WAS BORN IN 1850! IMPOSSIBLE!



SUDDENLY, BEHIND ME...

DO NOT BE AFRAID, MR. BOOTH! I WILL NOT HARM YOU! BUT WHAT NINA SAID WAS QUITE TRUE! SHE WAS BORN IN - 1850!

Y UHH -

YOU'RE NOT MAD, MR. BOOTH! I REALLY EXIST! AN APE THAT CAN TALK! I AM, OR WAS, GORDON HARRIS! NINA'S HUSBAND!



SICK AND REELING, NOT KNOWING IF I DREAMT OR NOT, I WATCHED THE CREATURE...

COME WITH ME! I WILL TRY TO EXPLAIN! THIS WAY!

Y - YOU! NINA'S HUSBAND! AN APE, A GORILLA! I AM INSANE, SEEING THINGS! THERE IS NO OTHER ANSWER!



NO! I REPEAT! YOU ARE NOT CRAZY! I WILL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!

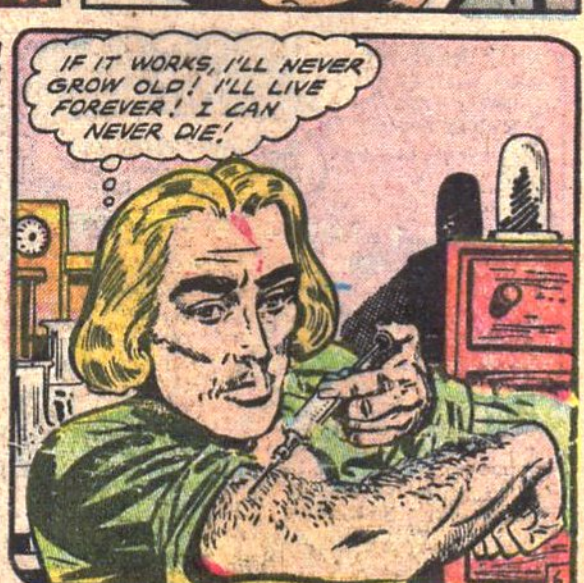
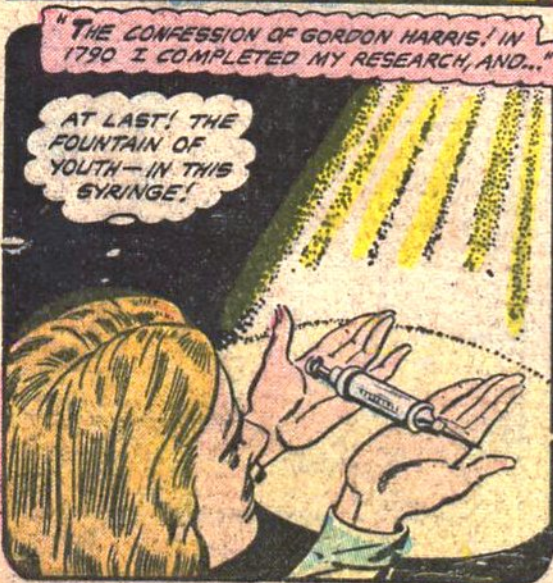
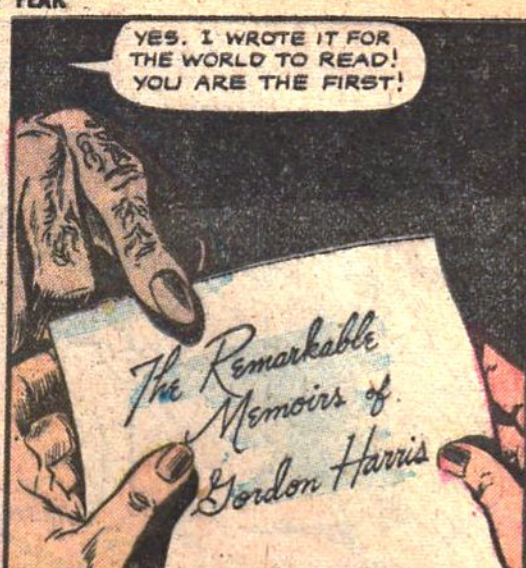
EXPLAIN? HAH-HAH-HAH! EXPLAIN THIS NIGHTMARE?



AT THE VERY TOP OF THE HOUSE...

POOR NINA! BUT AT LEAST SHE IS AT PEACE AT LAST, WHICH IS MORE THAN I CAN SAY FOR MYSELF!

Y - YOU SAID YOU COULD EXPLAIN?



"IT DID WORK! SIXTY YEARS PASSED AND, IF ANYTHING, I LOOKED YOUNGER! I CAME TO NEW YORK AND MET NINA..."

AND HOW DO YOU LIKE AMERICA, MR. HARRIS?

I LIKE IT BETTER SINCE I MET YOU, NINA! MUCH BETTER!

WHAT TROUBLES YOU? SOMETIMES YOU ACT SO STRANGELY! OR AM I MISTAKEN ABOUT—ABOUT OUR FEELINGS?

MISTAKEN? NO, NINA! NO! I LOVE YOU!



"MY PROBLEM WAS A CRUEL ONE! I SPENT MANY SLEEPLESS NIGHTS..."

I MUST HAVE HER, I MUST! BUT SHE SUSPECTS NOTHING! SHE THINKS I AM A YOUNG MAN, BUT I AM NINETY YEARS OLD NOW!

MAYBE

THIS IS WRONG, BUT I MUST DO IT! NOW SHE WILL ALWAYS REMAIN YOUNG WITH ME! OUR MARRIAGE WILL LAST FOREVER! TOMORROW I'LL TELL HER EVERYTHING!

"I FINALLY MARRIED NINA WITHOUT TELLING HER MY SECRET! ONE NIGHT..."

"AND NEXT DAY..."

OH, GORDON, I'M SO FRIGHTENED! WHAT YOU'VE DONE IS UNNATURAL! WE'LL BE PUNISHED, SOMEHOW!

DON'T BE A LITTLE FOOL, NINA! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? NOW YOU'LL ALWAYS BE YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL!



"AND FOR MANY YEARS..."

DARLING! SUCH A LOVELY BALL!

YES! AND TO THINK THAT BOTH OF US ARE OLD!

"TIME PASSED RAPIDLY..."



SAROTAGE!
WAR-1914!
LINDBERG
WAR-1939!
REDS INVADE
KOREA!

Carnival of DEATH

IT WAS A PLACE FOR FUN AND FROLIC — A CARNIVAL OF MAKE-BELIEVE FEAR! YOU PAID YOUR DIME AND IT WAS FUN TO BE FRIGHTENED! BUT, SUDDENLY, IT WAS THERE! WHAT WAS IT? NOBODY KNEW, EXCEPT THAT IT LIKED BLOOD, AND THE CRUNCHING OF BONES WAS MUSIC TO ITS EARS! FOR SOMEHOW THIS TERRIBLE THING HAD COME AMONG THEM, AND WAS TAKING A DREADFUL TOLL! IT WAS THE THING IN THE CRAZY HOUSE...



A DARK PLACE
AND TWO PEOPLE
SCREAMING...

BUT IT'S ALL IN FUN...

OHH—I—I WAS REALLY
FRIGHTENED! THAT THING!
JUMPING AT US LIKE THAT—
TEE-HEE...

HAH-HAH! YES!
THEY REALLY GIVE
YOU YOUR MONEY'S
WORTH IN THIS
PLACE!
WHEEWWW—

EEEEEEEEEE—

YAAAAAAA—



LATER, AFTER THE CARNIVAL IS CLOSED FOR THE NIGHT...

BUSINESS WAS GOOD TONIGHT, MATT! IF THIS KEEPS UP, YOU'LL GET THAT RAISE I PROMISED YOU!

THANKS, MR. COX! I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS SO MUCH MONEY IN SCARING PEOPLE!

PEOPLE LOVE TO BE SCARED, MATT! TO A CERTAIN POINT, AND AS LONG AS THEY KNOW IT'S ONLY MAKE-BELIEVE! WELL, GUESS I'LL CHECK UP IN THE HOUSE WHILE YOU LOCK UP OUT HERE!

SURE, BOSS!



MUCH LATER...

GEE, WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BOSS? MAYBE I BETTER GO SEE IF HE'S OKAY! MAYBE HE FELL THROUGH A TRAP-DOOR OR SOMETHING!



BOSS? MR. COX? YOU ALL RIGHT? HEY, MR. COX!



SUDDENLY...

YWOOOOOOOOO~

AAAAAAA-W-WHO?..

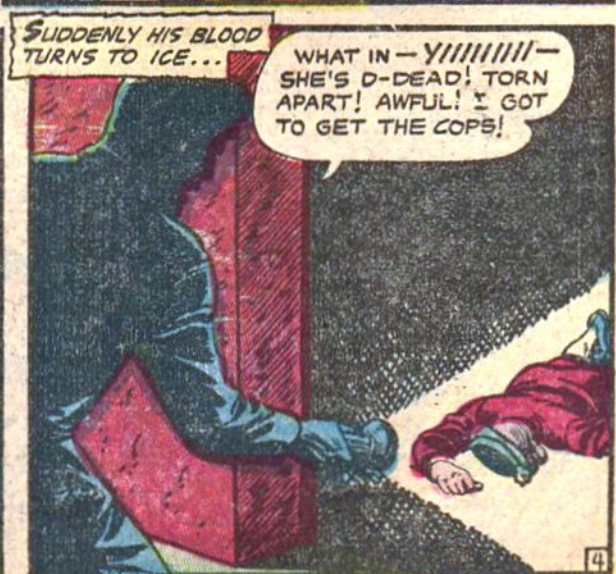
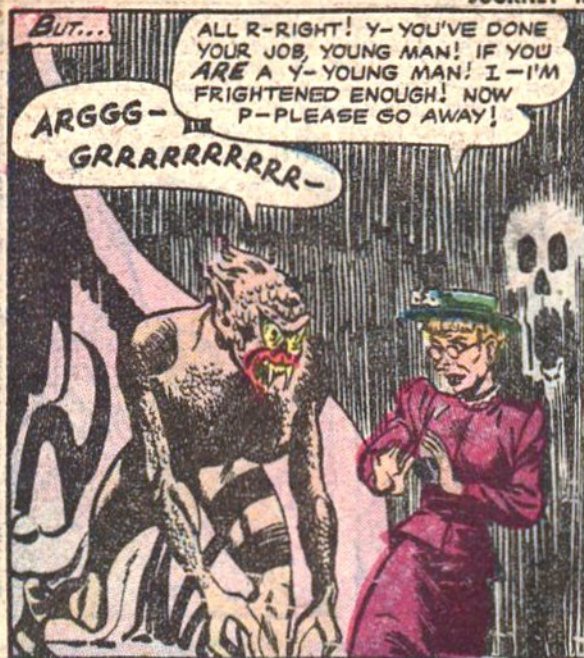


HAH-NAH-NAH! DID YOU JUMP! HO-HO! YOU'RE AS NERVOUS AS THE CUSTOMERS, MATT!

G-GEE, MR. COX, YOU GAVE ME A START! GUESS I'LL NEVER GET USED TO WORKING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS!







SO THE POLICE ARE CALLED...

LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THOSE FIENDS, MR. COX! TOUGH THAT HE PICKED YOUR PLACE!

YES! THAT POOR OLD LADY!

I FEEL AWFUL! SHE ASKED ME IF THERE WAS ANY DANGER!

YOU AREN'T TO BLAME, MR. COX! WE'LL DO OUR BEST FOR YOU— TRY TO PLAY IT DOWN AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE! NO USE RUINING YOUR BUSINESS!

THANKS! I SURE APPRECIATE IT! WE STILL GOT TO MAKE A LIVING, MATT AND ME!



THREE NIGHTS LATER...

BUT...

A CUSTOMER AT LAST! GOLLY, THAT'S THE FIRST ONE TONIGHT! THAT MURDER SURE DIDN'T HELP BUSINESS ANY, BUT MAYBE IT WILL PICK UP AGAIN!

HUH! Y-YOU'RE PART OF THE SHOW, AIN'T YOU? HEY, STAY AWAY! I DON'T LIKE THE WAY YOU...

ARGGGGG—

...LOOK! AAAAHHHHH—

GRRRRRRR— GRRRRR—



SO ONCE MORE...

WELL, MR. COX, I GUESS WE'VE GOT TO CLOSE YOU UP! BUT FIRST WE'RE GONNA SEARCH THIS JOINT!

SURE! GO AHEAD! THAT FIEND MIGHT BE HIDING IN HERE!

YES! LOTS OF TRAP-DOORS AND HIDING PLACES IN HERE!

NO LUCK...

SORRY, BUT YOU'RE PADLOCKED! THE D.A. WILL TELL YOU WHEN YOU CAN OPEN, IF EVER!

YEAH! I GUESS I'M OUT OF BUSINESS!

BUT WE KNOW ONE THING! THE KILLER ISN'T ON THE PREMISES!



SO, WITH THE CRAZY HOUSE CLOSED, TIME HANGS HEAVY ON MATT BARKER'S HANDS...

YOU REALLY GO FOR THOSE CRAZY STORIES, DON'T YOU? ALL ABOUT MONSTERS AND SIXTH DIMENSIONS AND STUFF!

GEE, I DO SORT OF LIKE THEM, BOSS! PASSES THE TIME! AND MAYBE THEY AIN'T SO CRAZY...



...FOR INSTANCE, I'M READING A STORY ABOUT A FIEND, A REAL TERROR, THAT CAME OUT OF A MIRROR! YOU KNOW, ONE OF THEM COMIC DISTORTING MIRRORS THAT MAKE YOU LOOK CRAZY! SOMEHOW THIS MIRROR LEADS INTO ANOTHER DIMENSION, AND THE MONSTER GETS THROUGH! HEY—THAT'S FUNNY!



YEAH, REAL FUNNY! WELL, I'LL SEE YOU LATER, MATT! BETTER CHECK EVERYTHING!

SURE—SURE! BUT I WAS THINKING—WE GOT THOSE SAME MIRRORS IN THE CRAZY HOUSE!



LATER AS MATT INSPECTS THE PLACE...

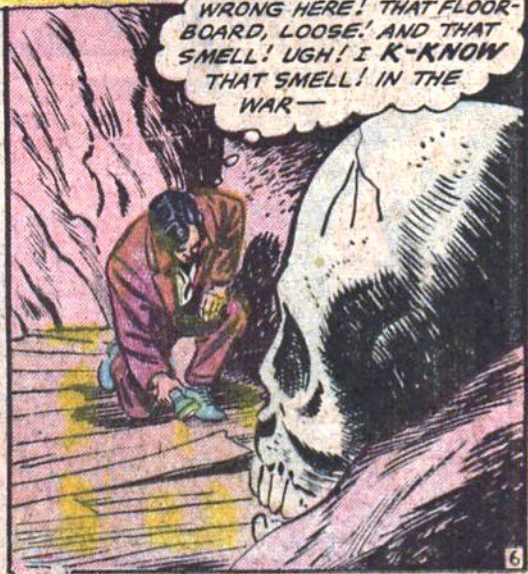
IT IS FUNNY! I NEVER THOUGHT OF IT BEFORE, BUT WE HAVE GOT THOSE SCREWY MIRRORS! BUT, HECK, IT WAS ONLY A STORY! GUESS I'M A LITTLE NERVOUS!



HERE'S ONE NOW! IN THAT STORY THE MIRROR DID SOMETHING TO LIGHT WAVES—SMASHED THEM OR SOMETHING, AND BROKE A SORT OF HOLE INTO ANOTHER WORLD! REAL CRAZY STUFF!

BUT AS HE IS TURNING AWAY...

HUH! SOMETHING WRONG HERE! THAT FLOOR-BOARD, LOOSE! AND THAT SMELL! UGH! I K-KNOW THAT SMELL! IN THE WAR—





GHOST CLINIC

by Doctor Shade



OUT OF THE COFFIN

IN THE rear of the funeral chapel Sedger, the undertaker, surreptitiously slipped away from the several mourners standing before the coffin. Rubbing his hands unctuously, he closed the door behind him and went into the passage leading to the embalming chambers.

Sitting at a desk, dressed in professional, pin-striped morning coat, his partner, Turgis, looked up and grinned.

"Is our late client resting well?" he asked.

Still rubbing his hands, Sedger nodded.

"Magnificently, Turgis, magnificently." He chuckled hollowly. "He looks so well laid out in that expensive coffin. Too bad he won't be buried in it!"

"Strange how the poor will waste their lives, deprive themselves of even the barest necessities of life so that in death they can, at least, be buried in comfort—or so they think!" Sedger tittered. "Why should we worry, eh, Turgis. We, at least, will lie in marble mausoleums, in velvet caskets when our time comes. But that's a long way off, eh?" He cackled. "In the meantime..."

But now Turgis' face was grave. His cold, fish-eyes flickered in rhythm to the funeral music. His hands trembled.

"You speak of our death," he said shakily. "Yes, yes, even we must die someday, Sedger. And when we do, we may have much to answer for. Sedger—there are times when I am afraid!" He looked around him fearfully. "There may be retribution in the hereafter!"

"Worry about that when the time comes!" Sedger said brutally. His dark eyes gleamed with evil.

"Time to go!" He jerked a thumb toward the waiting iron coffin that lay on its grim trestles. "I'll see to it that the mourners get to the cars for the funeral. In the meantime, you put our late client in *there*!"

LEAVING the gray-faced Turgis behind,

Sedger returned to the funeral chamber. "We will leave now," he said in low tones. His eyes moved slowly to the corpse lying in its rich coffin; his face lengthened in sorrow and he brushed a hand past his eyes as though to wipe away a tear. "If you will wait outside in the cars, I'll have poor, departed Mr. Haskins taken to the hearse!"

The others took one last look at the corpse, filed out slowly. But one old man paused.

"It was beautiful, Mr. Sedger," he said.

His toothless jaws worked emotionally. "And so cheap!"

"That is our policy!" Sedger said smoothly.

"Poor Hiram Haskins!" the man said, gazing at the dead features. "A hard man, hard-fisted, miserly, and yet poor. He always said he'd die richly, even though he lived poor. He swore it!" The man's voice broke. "And he was able to, poor as he was, because of your generosity, Mr. Sedger!"

Sedger spread his hands in deprecation.

"My partner and I, too, were once poor. We know the pains of poverty. That is why we provide this service, sir," he said slickly. Again he rubbed his hands. "Perhaps you, too, might wish to avail yourself of our services—for the inevitable future, of course!"

"Yes, yes," the other said slowly. "I'm getting old, Mr. Sedger. I have some money put away, though. I can't use it now. I'm too old."

"But dead..." Sedger breathed. "We could give you a coffin as magnificent as Mr. Haskins there. Perhaps you would care to drop around this evening, sir, and talk it over!"

The man nodded, hurried out, buttoning his threadbare jacket. Instantly, Sedger knocked on the connecting doors. They opened and Turgis came out. He had regained some of his composure. Silently Sedger pointed to the coffin and together they walked toward it.

Quickly they removed the body of Hiram Haskins from the splendid coffin, transferred it to the iron outer coffin. Then they carried the box out to the waiting hearse. Turgis got behind the wheel. Sedger noticed that his hands were trembling.

"What the devil's wrong with you?" he demanded in a hoarse whisper.

"It—it was your talk of our deaths," Turgis replied faintly.

"It was just talk!" Sedger said angrily.

"Get a grip on yourself, Turgis! We both went into this thing together." His hands tightened on the wheel as Turgis made room for him. "Neither of us can get out of this now. And if you try to rat on me, Turgis, I'll..."

"You won't have to!" Turgis croaked. He moistened dry lips. "I'll—I'll be alright, Sedger. Only for heaven's sake, stop talking of death. We have it around us all day long and somehow—somehow, I never get used to it!"

GRUNTING, Sedger stepped on the gas. Then, slowly, with funeral stateliness, the procession of cars drove off.

An hour later they had returned to their undertaking establishment. Sedger chuckled as he turned the hearse round a corner into their street. A man was waiting in front of the building.

"More business!" he said. "I'll probably have to pick up a body for embalment—ah, yes, I recognize him—a friend of old Mr. Graves. And to think! Poor Graves; he was in to see us about the burial association only last week. It makes one think does it not, Turgis—eh? Oh, sorry I said that!"

The car came to rest with a squealing of brakes.

"Open a new ledger entry, Turgis," Sedger whispered. "Don't forget we have a new account coming around this evening." He watched Turgis vanish into the building, then turned his attention to the caller. The matter did indeed concern their client Mr. Graves. Within another hour the corpse of Mr. Graves was enjoying the hospitality of Sedger and Turgis, Undertakers. The embalming took only a few hours more. By half-past eight that night, the corpse was resting quietly in the expensive coffin that had once held the body of Hiram Haskins.

Sedger stepped back, after having arranged some vases of artificial American beauty roses around the coffin.

"Look almost real, don't they?" he said to Turgis and Turgis nodded uneasily. Then Turgis started violently.

Abruptly, two knocks had sounded simultaneously, one from the front door, the other from the back entrance.

"That must be Hiram Haskins' friend at the front—our new account," Sedger said. "You answer it. I'll take the rear door." He pointed to the coffin. "Don't want Haskins' friend to see it. We can wheel it into the funeral chamber later."

Turgis went haltingly to the front door. He couldn't get rid of the feeling now that they were walking on thin ice. Just one slip in their crooked

business, and—he shuddered. Prison was just as bad, just as confining as a coffin and a grave.

Opening the door he saw Haskins' friend. In the man's hand was a bundle of bills.

"Come in," Turgis said. "Mr. Sedger will be free in a moment to talk business. What's that? Will that be enough? Yes, yes, plenty."

The other shook his head, mournfully, handing over the money.

"Thank heaven it is. I'd almost been afraid it wouldn't. Ah, when I think of the splendor of Hiram's burial—why it seems almost like a dream!" He sighed gently.

"We've—ah—had no—ah—complaints," Turgis said uncertainly. Then he started again, almost falling backward with shock.

The scream from the back room tore like a jagged knife through the two men. Together they rushed forward, hurled themselves against the connecting door. It held. The scream died, was replaced by hideous gurgles that faded out as Turgis and the other hurled themselves against the door. Then something inside dropped with a terrible thud to the floor, just as the door gave way and Sedger and the other tumbled into the embalming chamber.

"He—he's dead!" Turgis said hoarsely, pointing to the strangled body of Sedger. Then his blood turned cold as the new client chattered hysterically in fear, pointing to the coffin. At the foot of its trestles lay the body of old Mr. Graves which had been torn from its soft velvet and satin envelope. But it was not Graves at which the new client was pointing.

"You—you must have cheated Hiram in some way!" he cackled. "He swore to us all he'd rest richly in death!" Again he cackled. "I—I thought you said you'd had no complaints!"

Turgis staggered. Now he knew the game was up, that everything would be known. Sedger was the lucky one; he was dead. He wouldn't have to face exposure for fraud. For there, in the expensive coffin now lay that which had taken vengeance on Sedger and thrown Graves from his resting place to reclaim his own—the earth-smudged, grinning face and shrouded body of Hiram Haskins!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 OF JOURNEY INTO FEAR, published bimonthly at Toronto, Ontario, Canada, for September 25th, 1953. (Province of Ontario) County of York)

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the Province and county aforesaid, personally appeared Bertram J. Krieger who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of JOURNEY INTO FEAR and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, amended by the acts of March 3,

1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations) printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, and business manager are:

Publisher: William Zimmerman, 2382 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ontario. Editor: Harry L. Cohen, 434 Rockaway Parkway, Brooklyn, N.Y. Business Manager: Bertram J. Krieger, 2382 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ontario.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address as well as those of each individual member must be given.)

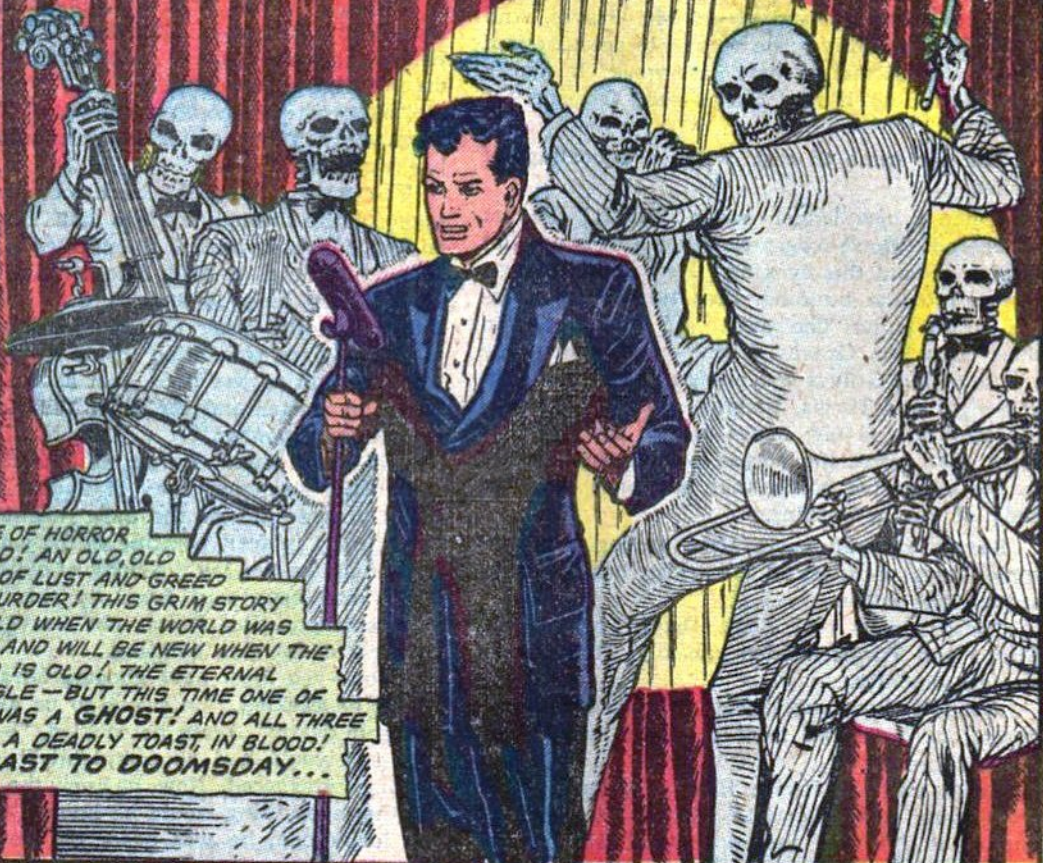
Superior Publishers Limited, 2382 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ontario. Maurice Berg, 2382 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Bertram J. Krieger, 2382 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ontario, J. Irving Oelbaum, 2382 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Samuel Orenstein, 2382 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Nathan Perlmutter, 2382 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ontario, William Zimmerman, 2382 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ontario.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

BERTRAM J. KRIEGER, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1953. (SEAL) DAVID PETERS. (My commission for Life)

Here's to Horror!



A TALE OF HORROR
RETOLD! AN OLD, OLD
STORY OF LUST AND GREED
AND MURDER! THIS GRIM STORY
WAS OLD WHEN THE WORLD WAS
NEW — AND WILL BE NEW WHEN THE
WORLD IS OLD! THE ETERNAL
TRIANGLE — BUT THIS TIME ONE OF
THEM WAS A GHOST! AND ALL THREE
DRANK A DEADLY TOAST, IN BLOOD!
A TOAST TO DOOMSDAY...

IT ALL STARTS WHEN JANE MARLOWE, FORTY
AND LOOKING IT, HEARS LANNY BURNS SING
FOR THE FIRST TIME...

BUT WHEN JANE MARLOWE WANTS SOMETHING,
SHE GOES AFTER IT...

WHAT A MARVELOUS
VOICE! WHO IS HE? AND
WHY IS HE SINGING IN A
CHEAP PLACE LIKE
THIS?

OH, ♪
SPEAK
TO ME
OF LOVE...

NAME'S LANNY BURNS!
ARE YOU GETTING IDEAS,
JANE? EVERY TIME WE
GO SLUMMING...

YOU'RE TOO FINE A SINGER TO BE
WASTED IN
SPOTS LIKE
THIS, LANNY!

GEE, MISS
MARLOWE,
I DON'T
KNOW WHAT TO
SAY! I SURE
APPRECIATE IT!

JANE
HAS
GREAT
INFLUENCE,
LANNY! SHE
CAN DO A
LOT FOR
YOU!

IF YOU'LL
LET ME — I'D
LIKE TO HELP
YOU!

KNOW WHAT TO
SAY! I SURE
APPRECIATE IT!



THERE ARE DIFFICULTIES, HOWEVER! LANNY BURNS IS SECRETLY MARRIED...

TRY TO UNDERSTAND, MARY! THIS MARLOWE DAME IS LOADED! SHE KNOWS EVERYBODY! SHE CAN PUT ME IN THE BIG TIME!

OH, I UNDERSTAND! ENOUGH TO KNOW SHE'S NOT ONLY INTERESTED IN YOUR VOICE! IF SHE KNEW YOU WERE MARRIED, SHE'D DROP YOU LIKE A HOT POTATO!

YOU'RE RIGHT! THAT'S WHY YOU HAVE TO STAY IN THE BACKGROUND, DARLING, JUST FOR A LITTLE TIME! PLEASE DO

OH, LANNY! I—I LOVE YOU SO MUCH! BUT WHY CAN'T WE BE HONEST? TELL PEOPLE WE'RE MARRIED! THIS FOR ME!



WE WILL, DARLING, WE WILL! YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU! AND JUST AS SOON AS I'M ON TOP, WITH THE MONEY COMING IN, I'LL TELL JANE MARLOWE TO GO FLY A KITE! WE'LL ANNOUNCE OUR MARRIAGE ON THE FRONT PAGE OF EVERY PAPER IN TOWN!

ALL R-R-RIGHT, LANNY! I'LL D-DO IT!

SO, WITH JANE MARLOWE'S MILLIONS BEHIND HIM, THE BUILD-UP OF LANNY BEGINS...



THE LATEST LANNY BURNS RECORD, PLEASE!

WHAT A DREAMY GUY!

I HEAR HIS LAST RECORD SOLD A MILLION COPIES!



AND FINALLY...

WELL, LANNY, SWEET, HOW DO YOU LIKE IT? YOUR NAME IN LIGHTS AT THE PARAMOUNT?

IT'S SWELL, JANE! AND YOU DID IT ALL! HOW AM I EVER GOING TO THANK YOU?



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

JANE HAS THAT ALL FIGURED OUT! ONE NIGHT A FEW WEEKS LATER...

I STILL DON'T GET IT, JANE! WHY THIS EXCURSION? YOU KNOW I HAVE TO BE BACK IN NEW YORK TOMORROW!

YOU'LL SEE, DARLING! IT'S A SURPRISE! AND IT'S WAITING IN THIS LITTLE VILLAGE JUST AHEAD!



UNDERSTAND NOW, SWEET? THERE'S NO WAITING IN THIS STATE! I GOT A LICENSE A WEEK AGO! TONIGHT YOU MAKE AN HONEST WOMAN OF ME!

WHAT? BUT JANE, I...



IT IS A MOMENT OF IRREVOCABLE DECISION! THEN...

I LOVE YOU, LANNY! I WANT TO MARRY YOU! NOW, TONIGHT! YOU SEE HOW SHAMELESS I AM—I'M BEGGING! THERE ISN'T ANYONE ELSE?

SOMEONE ELSE? N-NO! IT'S JUST THAT I—ALL RIGHT, JANE! WE'LL DO IT!

AND SO THEY WERE MARRIED...

LANNY! HOW COULD YOU? IT'S BIGAMY! Y-YOU'RE MARRIED TO ME! OH, WHY DON'T YOU AT LEAST COME AND EXPLAIN? I—I WON'T GIVE YOU AWAY, OR DO ANYTHING TO HURT YOU!

A KEY TURNS SOFTLY IN AN OILED LOCK...



AND MARY BURNS IS TOO STARTLED EVEN TO SCREAM...

LANNY! WHAT? LANNY—NO! YOU CAN'T...

I CAN, DARLING! I'M SORRY, BUT I'VE GOT TO DO IT! GOODBYE, MARY!



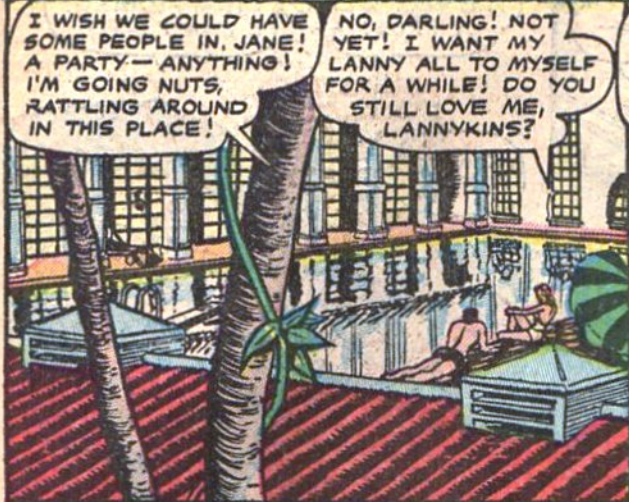
UNTIL IT IS TOO LATE...



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

WEEKS PASS AND LANNY IS NOT SUSPECTED! BUT NO ONE GETS AWAY WITH MURDER—AND HE IS NO EXCEPTION...

THAT HUMMING SOUND IS LANNY'S NERVES—STRETCHING TIGHTER AND TIGHTER AS THE DAYS PASS...



I WISH WE COULD HAVE SOME PEOPLE IN, JANE! A PARTY—ANYTHING! I'M GOING NUTS, RATTLING AROUND IN THIS PLACE!

NO, DARLING! NOT YET! I WANT MY LANNY ALL TO MYSELF FOR A WHILE! DO YOU STILL LOVE ME, LANNYKINS?

WE'LL STAY HOME AGAIN, TONIGHT, LANNYKINS. WE'LL HAVE DINNER IN THE PATIO, JUST THE TWO OF US! MY DARLING LANNYKINS AND ME!

YES, JANE!

IF SHE CALLS ME LANNYKINS ONCE MORE, I'LL—NO! I MUSTN'T THINK OF THAT WORD!

SO NATURALLY HE BEGINS TO CHEAT...

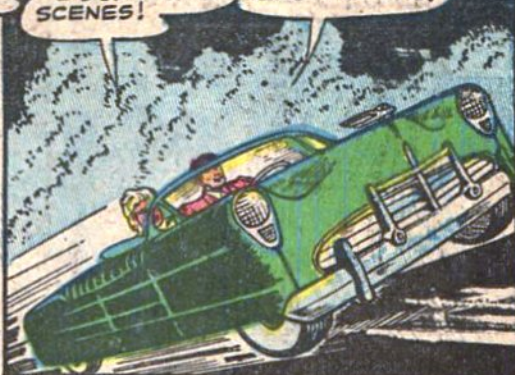
AND KEEPS IT UP...

SURE I'M SURE! SHE HAD TO GO TO TOWN TO SEE HER LAWYER! PROBABLY HAS TO SIGN A MILLION DOLLAR CHECK OR SOMETHING!

I HOPE JANE DOESN'T FIND OUT ABOUT US, LANNY! SHE CAN BE POISON, I HEAR!

JANE! THAT MOUSE! SHE'S HARMLESS! ONLY WHO CARES ABOUT HER ANYWAY? LET'S HAVE FUN!

ARE YOU SURE YOUR WIFE ISN'T HOME, LANNY? I DON'T LIKE SCENES!



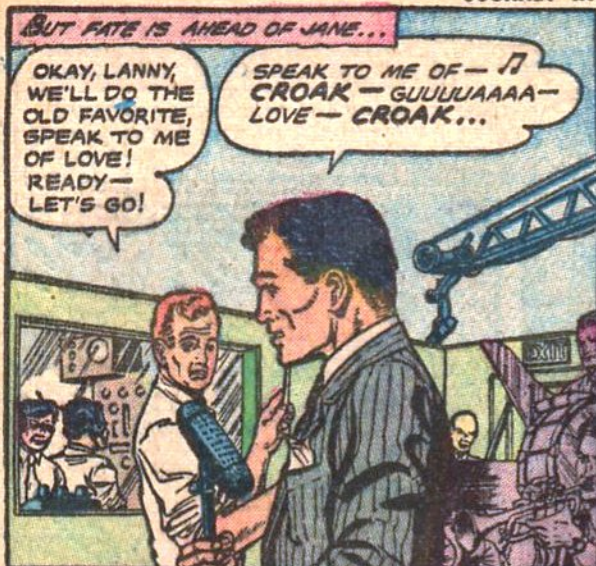
JANE IS SIGNING A CHECK...

IT'S ALL IN THE REPORT, MRS. BURNS! MY MAN HAS BEEN TRAILING YOUR HUSBAND FOR TWO WEEKS! HE'S SOME OPERATOR! A DIFFERENT GIRL EVERY NIGHT!

BUT LANNYKINS IS JUST ABOUT THROUGH OPERATING! NO MAN MAKES A FOOL OF ME! I MADE HIM—AND I'LL BREAK HIM!



THANK YOU! HERE IS YOUR MONEY! AS YOU SAY, MY HUSBAND IS SOME OPERATOR!



BUT FATE IS AHEAD OF JANE...

OKAY, LANNY, WE'LL DO THE OLD FAVORITE, SPEAK TO ME OF LOVE! READY— LET'S GO!

SPEAK TO ME OF— **CROAK**— GUUUUAAAA— LOVE— **CROAK**...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, LANNY? YOU SOUND LIKE A FROG!

I DON'T KNOW! MY VOICE JUST DISAPPEARED! I CAN'T SING!

YEAH— AWFUL!

LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF AN EMINENT SPECIALIST...

WELL, DOCTOR, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME? WHY CAN'T I SING? IT ISN'T SERIOUS, IS IT?

FRANKLY, MR. BURNS, I THINK YOU HAD BETTER BRACE YOURSELF FOR A SHOCK! YOU HAVE WHAT IS KNOWN AS...

...SPASTIC THROAT! A MORE OR LESS PERMANENT CONDITION, AND BROUGHT ABOUT BY NERVES! IN YOUR PRESENT NERVOUS CONDITION, YOU HAVE NO CONTROL OVER YOUR THROAT MUSCLES! YOU WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO REALLY TRUST YOUR VOICE AGAIN! IT MIGHT SEEM OKAY, BUT IT COULD BREAK AT ANY TIME! AS A PROFESSIONAL, I'M AFRAID YOU'RE FINISHED!

THAT NIGHT, LANNY TAKES A LONG WALK...

WHAT A ROTTEN BREAK! BUT I GUESS I'M LUCKY AT THAT, WHAT WITH ALL I'VE GOT ON MY MIND! MY NERVES ARE ALL SHOT, BUT AT LEAST THEY'LL NEVER PIN MARY'S DEATH ON ME! AND IF I CAN'T SING ANYMORE, I STILL DON'T HAVE TO WORRY...



I'VE STILL GOT JANE! SHE LOVES ME AND SHE'S LOADED! ONLY NOW I'LL HAVE TO BE MORE CAREFUL— CAN'T NEGLECT HER THE WAY I'VE BEEN DOING! BUT NOW I—UGH— HATE THE SIGHT OF HER HOMELY FACE!

HE ASCENDS TO A LUXURIOUS PENTHOUSE...

THAT YOU, LANNYKINS? I'M OUT ON THE TERRACE! COME AND HAVE A DRINK, DARLING! I JUST MIXED THEM!

HELLO! BE THERE IN A MINUTE!

LANNYKINS! UGH! BUT I'LL HAVE TO LEARN TO TAKE IT, I GUESS! AT LEAST UNTIL I FIGURE SOMETHING OUT!





THE LAST ACT BEGINS...

IT'S SUCH A LOVELY NIGHT, LANNYKINS! THE LIGHTS ON THE HARBOR ARE SO BEAUTIFUL! COME AND DRINK A TOAST WITH ME!

A TOAST, MARY? A TOAST TO WHAT?



A TOAST TO US, LANNYKINS! TO OUR LOVE! TO THE FACT THAT YOU WILL NEVER, NEVER LEAVE ME!

NEVER LEAVE YOU? BUT OF COURSE NOT, DARLING! WHAT A SILLY TOAST! BUT WE'LL DRINK TO IT...



LANNY IS THIRSTY! HE DOWNS THE DRINK IN ONE GULP, AND...

TO — UHHHHH — MY THROAT! BURNS! AWFUL — ON FIRE! GAAAAA—

YES, DARLING! IT DOES HURT, DOESN'T IT? THAT'S THE LINING OF YOUR THROAT— BURNING AWAY!



I PUT ACID IN YOUR DRINK, DARLING! ACID! YOU'LL NEVER SING AGAIN, DO YOU HEAR? NEVER — NEVER — NEVER SING AGAIN! YOUR THROAT WILL BE ALL BURNT AND SCARRED!

YOU — DEVIL! I ALREADY LOST — OHH — MY THROAT! GET A DOCTOR QUICK!



OF COURSE I'LL CALL THE DOCTOR, DARLING! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, REMEMBER? AN ACCIDENT! HAH — HAH — HAH! YOU DRANK SOMETHING BY MISTAKE! AND WHEN YOU'RE ALL HEALED UP, WE'LL GO ABROAD FOR A LONG STAY, JUST THE TWO OF US — LANNYKINS!

MURRY! FOR THE LOVE OF HEAVEN — MURRY, PAIN IS TERRIBLE!



DOCTOR MILLROSE! THIS IS JANE BURNS! WILL YOU COME OVER AT ONCE, PLEASE! MY HUSBAND HAS HAD AN ACCIDENT! YES, WE'RE IN THE PENTHOUSE! PLEASE HURRY, HE'S SUFFERING INTENSE PAIN!

BE RIGHT THERE, MRS. BURNS! KEEP HIM AS QUIET AS POSSIBLE!

JOURNEY INTO FEAR

AS SHE TURNS FROM THE PHONE...

LANNY! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? NO

YOU FIEND! I'LL FIX YOU! I KILLED ONE WOMAN—ONE I REALLY LOVED! WON'T BE ANY LOSS WHEN I—KILL—YOU! JUST ONE LITTLE PUSH OVER THE LEDGE, AND...

LANNY! STAY AWAY!

YOU KILLED A WOMAN! YOU'RE MAD, INSANE! LANNY, LISTEN TO ME! PLEASE! LET ME GO—DON'T DO IT! I'LL DO ANYTHING! YOUR THROAT, I'LL HAVE IT...

FOOL! MY THROAT—WAS—ALREADY—RUINED! NAN-NAN-NAN! THE JOKE'S ON YOU! ON ME, TOO! VOICE WAS—ALREADY—GONE! BUT YOU'RE—SAFE! I CAN'T KILL! NOT AGAIN! GO ON—GET OUT!



THEN, AS LANNY WITCHES IN SPEECHLESS HORROR, HE SEES A GHOSTLY THING...

MARY! YOU! YOU'VE COME BACK! NO, MARY! DON'T DO IT! NO! STOP—

WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE SEEN A GHOST!

I—OHNNH—FALLING!

YES! HEE—HEE—HEE! YOU'LL DIE THE WAY I DID!



GOODBYE, LANNY! BUT NOT FOR LONG! I'LL SEE YOU SOON! THEN IT WILL BE LIKE IT WAS BEFORE! HURRY TO ME, DARLING, HURRY!

MARY! I—FORGIVE ME, FORGIVE ME! OH, MARY—MARY...

GOODBYE! HURRY—HURRY! I'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU...

YES, MARY! I KNOW NOW! I UNDERSTAND! WAIT FOR ME!

LANNY BURNS NEVER HAD A CHANCE! BUT ON THE NIGHT HE WAS TO BE EXECUTED FOR MURDER, A WEIRD THING HAPPENED! HIS VOICE RETURNED, STRONGER AND MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN BEFORE...

OH, SPEAK TO ME OF LOVE, AND I WILL ANSWER YOU, DEAR...MARY—

LISTEN TO LANNY BURNS, WILL YOU! FIFTEEN MINUTES TO LIVE AND HE'S SINGING!



THE END

The DEVIL'S STORE

Wed. Dec. 3, 1958. The TOWN CHRONICLE

38

HELP WANTED - MALE

MEN

AR

DF

NE

C

MALE

WOMAN

FEMALE

BOY

YOU

ALL

GIRLS

HELP WANTED

WANTED, A MAN OR WOMAN WITHOUT SCRUPLES OR MORALS! EXP. PREFERRED, BUT WILL TRAIN ON JOB! NATURAL INCLINATION TO EVIL AN ASSET? BRING SAMPLES OF PAST WORK, IF ANY, AND A COMPLETE RESUME OF EVERY PAST SIN YOU HAVE COMMITTED! SHORT HOURS, GOOD PAY, AND A GUARANTEED INCOME FOR THIS LIFE—AND THE NEXT! OUR EMPLOYEES KNOW OF THIS AD! APPLY AT ONCE TO —
THE DEVIL...

TOOLMAKERS

HELP WANTED
ENGINEER

DRAFTSMEN

MECHANICAL
ARCHITECTURAL
NAVAL

MEN AND WOMEN
SKILLED IN
DRAWING
NEEDED FOR
WORLD'S
PROJECT
BLUEPRINT
SUPERVISOR

CALL
OFFICE
9 A.M.
DAILY
SATURDAY

CO
GE
O

HE WAS A MILD LITTLE MAN AND NOBODY PAID HIM MUCH ATTENTION...

OH, YES, THIS WILL DO NICELY! I'LL TAKE IT!

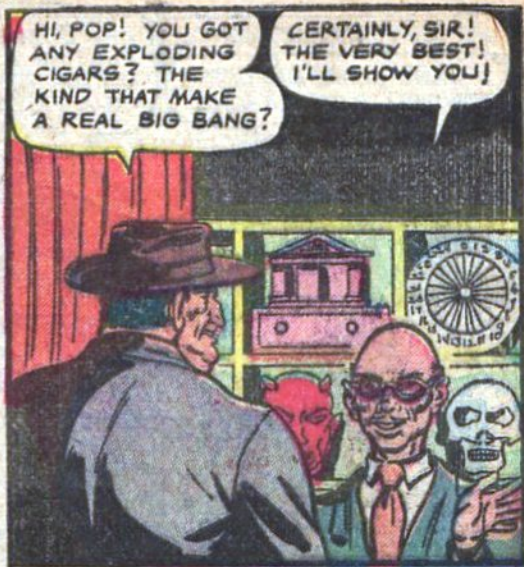
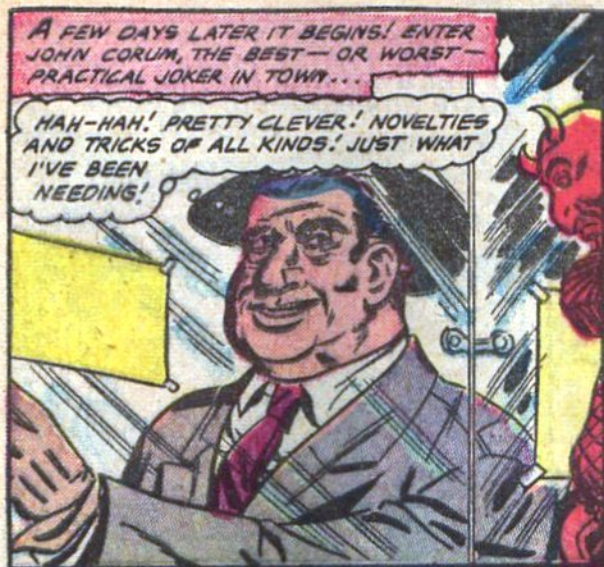
FINE! NOW IF YOU'LL JUST SIGN A LEASE, MR—?

SCRATCH! JOSHUA SCRATCH! I'M A, ER, DEALER IN TRICKS!

TRICKS?

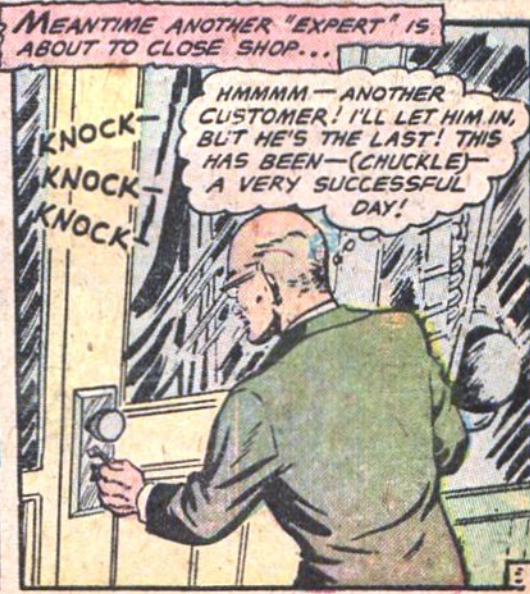


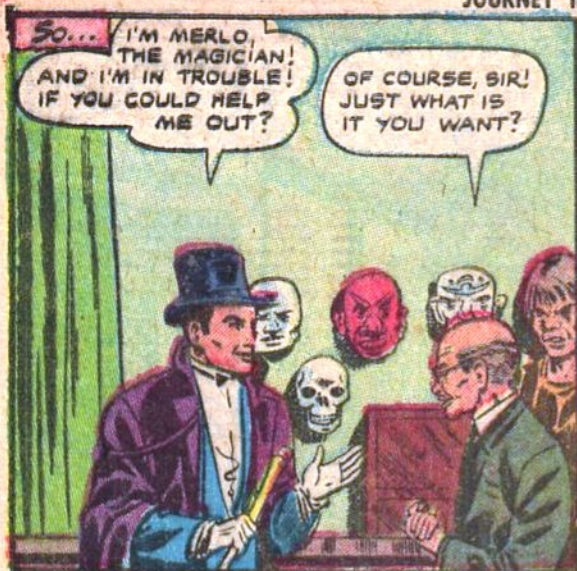






JOURNEY INTO FEAR





BUT ON STAGE, EVERYTHING MUST GO RIGHT! SO...

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE MOST AMAZING TRICK OF ALL! I WILL SAW MY WIFE IN HALF!

AND I WISH I COULD REALLY DO IT DEAR!

I HATE YOU, TOO, DARLING! BUT I'LL NEVER GIVE YOU THAT DIVORCE!

AS MERLO BEGINS TO SAW...

OH! — HE'S REALLY GOING TO DO IT! I D-DON'T WANT TO LOOK!

DON'T BE SILLY, HONEY! IT'S ONLY A TRICK!



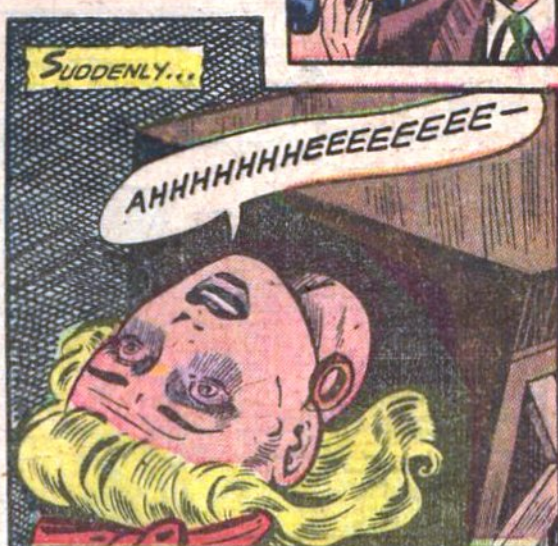
A TRICK?

FUNNY! SOMETHING'S WRONG! SO HARD, I CAN HARDLY— (GASP)— MOVE THE SAW! MAKES A FUNNY SOUND, TOO! ALMOST AS IF— BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE...

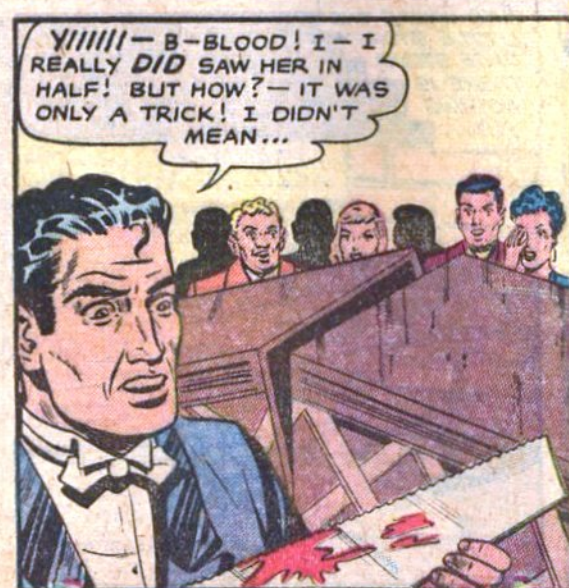


SUDDENLY...

AAAAHHHHHEEEEEEE—



YIIIIII! — B-BLOOD! I—I REALLY DID SAW HER IN HALF! BUT HOW? — IT WAS ONLY A TRICK! I DIDN'T MEAN...



MINUTES LATER...

NO, I DIDN'T MEAN IT! THE TRICK ALWAYS WORKED— IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, MERLO! FOR MURDER!



BEFORE LONG THE POLICE ARE ON THEIR WAY...

WHAT DO YOU
MAKE OF IT,
MIKE? CRAZY,
HUH?

SOMETHING SURE IS!
THAT EXPLODING CIGAR
AND THE SAW TRICK!
ANYWAY WE'VE GOT
TO TAKE THE OLD
MAN IN!



BUT THEY ARE EXPECTED BY MR. SCRATCH...

THE BUS WRECK, TOO, GENTLEMEN!
I WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT ALSO!
BUT—(SIGH)—I SUPPOSE ONE CAN'T
EXPECT EVERYTHING!



AND...

GOOD EVENING!
I WAS JUST
MIXING A LITTLE
ER, CONCOCTION!

HUH!
WHAT'S
THAT
STUFF?

YOU'RE UNDER
ARREST, MISTER!
COME ALONG
NOW!



YOU CANNOT ARREST
ME, GENTLEMEN!
SORRY! AND NOW
I MUST SAY
GOODBYE!

HEY! THAT
SMELLS LIKE—
BRIMSTONE!

HE'S NUTS
—OR WE
ARE!



SUDDENLY, THE WORLD SEEMS TO EXPLODE...

AYEEEEEE—

YIIIIIIIEEEE—

EEYYAAA—



AND WHERE THE
LITTLE STORE
ONCE STOOD,
THERE IS
NOTHING
BUT...

...THE IMPRINT OF
A CLOVEN HOOF...



WEEKS AND \$1.98 MADE "SAD SLIM JIM" HEP!

A BIG BUNCH
GIVE ME
WHO CAN
FILL HIS
CLOTHES!

GOSH...
AND I
BOUGHT
THIS SUIT
JUST FOR
THIS
DATE!

SCHOOL PLUS WORK IS
TOO MUCH FOR YOU, JIM.
IT'LL HAVE TO BE ONE
OR THE OTHER.

GOSH.
I WANTED
THE
EXTRA
DOUGH
TO DATE
JANE.

IT'S NO USE, MIKE. NOW
THE WHOLE SCHOOL
KNOWS I CAN'T MAKE A
SINGLE TEAM. I WISH
I COULD MAKE THE
FELLOWS GO FOR ME
THE WAY EVERYONE
GOES FOR YOU!

GLAD YOU TOLD ME
JIM. WHAT TOOK ME
MONTHS AND MONTHS
TO FIND OUT IS YOURS
NOW IN JUST THREE
WEEKS! HERE, THIS
AD IS MEANT FOR A
CHAP LIKE YOU!

LOOK AT THIS, MIKE! TWO WEEKS
AND I FEEL LIKE A NEW MAN!
JOE BONOMO'S FAMOUS
THREE WEEK COURSE
IS A SNAP!

BOY, OH, BOY...
WHAT A DIFFERENCE!
I TOLD YOU THIS IS
THE GREATEST TWO
DOLLAR INVESTMENT
ANYONE CAN
MAKE!

JIM, YOUR ESSAY ON
SUPER-STRENGTH,
DYNAMIC ENERGY
AND GREATER
HEALTH IS
THE MOST
INSPIRING I
EVER READ.

AND I CAN
PROVE EVERY WORD!
JOE BONOMO'S
SUPER SPEED
COURSE SHOWED
ME HOW!

A FEW
WEEKS LATER...

JOE BONOMO

THE MAN
WHO KNOWS
HOW

**TELLS YOU
SHOWS YOU HOW!**

EASY TO READ—EASY TO DO
AND EASY TO FOLLOW FOR A
MAN-SIZED "POWER-PLUS" BODY

STARTS YOU IN
JUST A SHORT **3 WEEKS**

VALUE
VALUE
VALUE

Stop Wishing...
GET STARTED NOW

ONLY **\$1.98** NEW
Wonder
Course
PLUS
FREE

IN
7
DAYS
YOUR
MONEY BACK
IF NOT SATISFIED

LISTEN YOU! CUT OUT WISHING!

**NOW—Have a Walloped-Packed
BODY OF SUPER STRENGTH;**

Dynamic Energy and Greater Health

**JOE BONOMO STARTS YOU ON YOUR WAY
TOWARDS ALL THREE—IN JUST THREE WEEKS!**

Fellows of all ages... who want to make a real
success out of themselves... a New Life, Bigger
and Stronger... HERE IT IS! Joe Bonomo's New
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DOLLARS AND 10 MINUTES A DAY IS ALL THAT
YOU NEED!

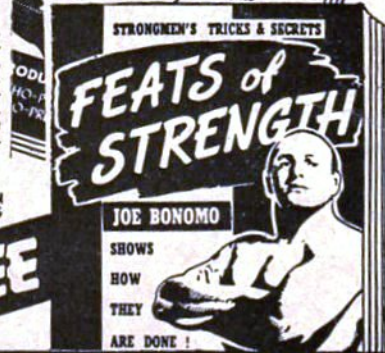
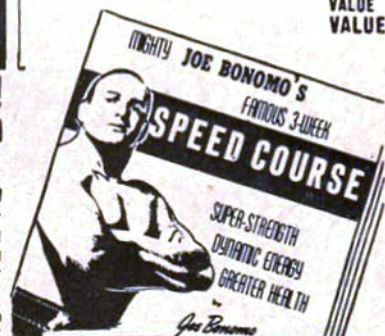
Your Speed Course is written in plain, blunt,
locker room language... Can Give You amazing
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(2) Muscle Charts, (3) Training Table Talks...
GIVES YOU "Psycho-Power", "Rhythmic Progression",
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Thrill in becoming a Real Man
in Three Weeks. Wake Up!
Tone Up! Build Up! Follow
Mighty Joe Bonomo and make
your start toward becoming
a "Super Strongman!"

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OF ALL AGES

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A Spike With Your Teeth? (2)
Tear A Phone Book In Half?
(3) Hold 4 Persons In The Air?
(4) Drive A Spike Thru a Thick
Board? (5) Break A Rock With
Your Fist? See how these—
plus many more—can be done.

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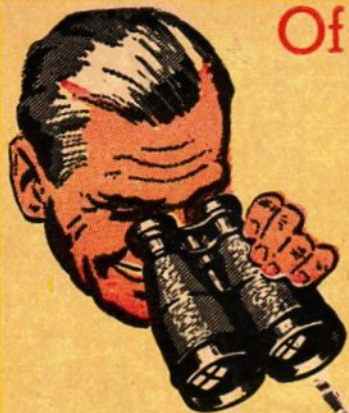
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saw as THIS SAW SA

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sharp.

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Postman \$3.98 on delivery plus postage.

Name
Address
City Prov.
State

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Charges

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PRECISION DOVETAIL SAW — 17 teeth to
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